

THE  
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## POETRY.

For the Ypsilanti Sentinel.  
TO E—

As we have seen, in some fairy bower  
The spirit form of some lovely flower,  
An incense, breathing so sweet and pure,  
That 'neath its gentle and grateful lure  
Our eyes ever turn to the cherished place  
Where a od that flower in beauty and grace—  
So there we have seen, in many a bower  
Whose memory will last to our latest hour—  
And there we have prized for the gentle sway  
That ruled our hearts in a by-gone day—  
And our thoughts ever turn to the scenes of  
yore,  
And places, which know thy image—no more.

Like a child of the air—the dream of a day—  
Thou hast past like a vision or a meteor away,  
The luminous transit of some Heavenly Star,  
That, on us draws brightly white—then afar,  
The smiles that we fancied, would gladden us  
ever,

Bloom only for others, to return to us—never!

Oh, the light and the love that encircled thee  
here

Still haunt the loved scenes that thy presence  
made dear,

And enkindled afresh at each love torn token  
As the incense of flowers, some rude hand  
hath broken—

Yes! the friends that have loved thee, still  
loving on—

Will cherish thy memory—where thou art  
gone.

For dear to the friends of thy sonnet years,  
Thou hast left us in tears,

with thy innocent

that never knew guile—

loved one, and peace to

The Tribute we give, is our love and our  
tears.

E. L. L.  
Detroit, Jan. 1844.

SKETCHES—BY A WANDERER.

For the Sentinel—NO. III.

BRIG ANHORE—THE SLAVE TRADER OF SAGUA LA  
GRANDE—CAPTAIN LINNAN'S STORY.

In the year 1841, on board brig Tremont,  
bound from Berazda to San Juan de los Re-  
medios, an ancient and important, but little fre-  
quented city, about 50 leagues east of Matan-  
zas, after making Anguila Key, according to the  
directions on our chart, steered south for  
Cayo Francisco, past which you must sail to  
enter the harbor, five leagues inside of it. A  
strong current, which we did not perceive,  
created probably by heavy winds, that fre-  
quently in these latitudes blow in the same  
direction for several consecutive days, set us  
too far to the westward, and in attempting to  
run in to what we supposed the entrance to the  
harbor, suddenly found ourselves in "yellow  
water," among a thousand little islets, having  
the appearance, in the rich sunlight, of brilliant  
emeralds, half sunk in a sea of molten gold.  
But we had little time to admire the fairy  
scene about us. The sky quickly grew dark—  
the breeze freshened—and before we could  
tack or shorten sail, the brig was deeply em-  
bedded in the yellow sands, the reflection from  
which had so suddenly changed the color of  
the water. A strong "Norther" set in—the  
waves, which but a moment before washed so  
gently against the base of these tiny islands,  
now broke in fury over them, and dashed  
madly against the sides and stern of our ves-  
sel, lifting her high out of the sea, and causing  
her to dive so deeply forward as almost to  
bury her bows in the sand. In this situation  
we remained two days clinging to the rigging,  
at every plunge expecting the vessel to be  
dashed to atoms, when the wind abated—the  
sea gradually assumed its former calm and  
impassive appearance—and the sun broke forth  
in renewed beauty and splendor. Pretty soon,  
having hoisted a signal of distress, we disco-  
vered a little boat, with its latteen sail, ap-  
proaching us, threading its sinuous way thro'  
the keys, guided by a paddle which an aged  
man held in one hand, while with the other he

slacked or drew in the cord that regulated the  
sail by which his craft was impelled through  
the waters. He was an Italian, who fished  
for the hawk billed turtle, so valuable on ac-  
count of their shell, and which at certain sea-  
sons in the year are taken in large numbers  
among these unfrequented keys. Seeing us  
from his little rancho on shore, he had come  
to our relief. He informed us that we were  
fifteen leagues from our port, and that for two  
doubloons he would carry me in his frail bark  
to the city for assistance. Taking a plentiful  
supply of raw pork and sea bread, with a keg  
of water, we started on our course. Our boat,  
dug out of a small cedar log, was too light  
for outside navigation, and as in many places  
the water was very shoal among the keys, we  
were frequently obliged to take the boat on  
our shoulders, or drag it over the shoals, (pre-  
tly much in the same manner as the Locofocos  
will be compelled to drag the little Magician  
over the course next fall) thus making the trip  
a very toilsome one. Having accomplished  
about half the distance, we saw a trim-looking  
clipper-built schooner, which the crew were  
vainly endeavoring to heave into deep water  
by the aid of their cables and anchors. It  
appeared she was a slave—fearing her cargo  
might be seized by Valdez, then Captain-Gen-  
eral of the Island, who during his short admi-  
nistration, discountenanced, as much as he  
dared to do, the importation of slaves, and  
who had lately seized a cargo and sold them  
for the benefit of government, the captain  
had attempted to land them on the coast, and  
the Norther had thrown her ashore. Not  
withstanding the urgency of the business I  
was on, I could not resist visiting the slave,  
and such a scene of human misery as was  
there presented, never before met, and I trust  
may never again meet my view.

The captain told me he had, when he left  
the coast of Africa, three hundred and twenty  
men and women—they never steal children  
when adults can be obtained—two hundred  
and twelve were all that now remained—  
108 had perished from diseases caused by  
want of air, proper food and water—the  
vessel, originally but about five  
feet above the skin of the vessel, thus  
the negroes to keep always in a sit-  
ting position—and when original  
mated, males and females must have been  
packed into a barrel—as no one  
could imagine how another person could be  
stowed in a place which 108 had left to fur-  
nish food for sharks. The passage had been  
a very long one—the tanks had become al-  
most exhausted, and water and provisions  
had been dealt out to them for the last thirty  
days, with such a sparing hand, that hunger  
and thirst had been added to the long ca-  
logue of horrors which they had been com-  
pelled to endure. The attenuated frames—  
the hollow cheeks—the deep-sunken eyes—  
the look of despair stamped upon their coun-  
tenances—their long bony fingers clutching  
with greedy avidity grisly bones which a  
hungry dog would have scorned, for hunger  
had made them selfish—the raving madness  
exhibited by some—the blank and idiotic stare  
of others—presented a picture of human  
wretchedness which devils would have gloat-  
ed over with perfect delight. And yet the  
Captain spoke of the business he was en-  
gaged in as one deserving of praise rather than  
censure, and seemed to look upon the misery  
he was the instrument of with perfect uncon-  
cern. So soon may the heart become by fre-  
quent contact with human suffering! He lived  
at Sagua la Grande, but a few leagues from  
where he had been cast ashore, and this was  
his third voyage to Africa. He was a majes-  
tic looking Creole—"a fine, tall, well-proportioned  
man, with a tongue of  
silver smoothness, dropping honey, like  
Nestor's "though blackness was beneath"—  
he spoke of his wife and children, whom he  
anticipated meeting so shortly, with a flushed  
cheek and beaming eye, while not a thought  
seemed to enter his mind of the heart consum-  
ing anguish which was raging in the breasts  
of these victims of his soul-destroying avarice.  
In spite of the vigilance of the English Afri-  
can squadron, thousands of these unhappy  
creatures are annually brought into Cuba, and  
although the Government of Spain has been  
compelled by some of its more powerful neigh-  
bors to issue an edict against their importation  
into the Island, yet but feeble efforts for its  
enforcement can be expected from a country  
which has been so long desolated by intestine  
commotions, and especially when that Gov-  
ernment knows that unless it suffers the im-  
portation of slaves into its powerful colony,  
that colony with its present inert population,  
would soon dwindle into insignificance. The av-  
erage length of life among the native Africans,

transplanted to Cuba, does not exceed ten  
years, and consequently, unless continual  
importation is kept up, the rich estates, from  
which the Planter now derives such an im-  
mense profit, would become entirely worth-  
less to their present owners. Besides the Is-  
land Government derives a large amount of  
direct revenue from the traffic, eight to seven-  
teen dollars being levied upon the dealer for  
every slave brought to the Island. When a  
slave ship is fitted out the vessel and outfit is  
divided into shares, in the same manner as lot-  
teries are got up, and as the colonial officers  
generally hold a large proportion of them,  
they have a double motive to wink at the  
traffic.

Captain Linnan, of brig Hesperus, whom I  
saw at Matanzas, and to whom I was one day  
relating an account of my visit to the slave,  
gave me an instance in his own experience in  
regard to the manner in which the British and  
American cruisers are eluded by the crafty  
negro traders. Being on the coast of Africa  
in 1838, said he, with the intention of col-  
lecting a cargo of gold dust, ivory, etc. I put  
into a small harbor, not a great distance from  
one of the British factories for water—I no-  
ticed, as I dropped anchor and swung round to  
the wind, a "long, low, black schooner" an-  
chored in rather shallow water inside a high reef  
of rocks. So completely was she hid from the  
view, that until I rounded to, I did not per-  
ceive the least signs of a sail, and it would  
have puzzled a man-of-war, in passing along  
the coast, by this secluded inlet, to discover  
any thing except a little cottage on an emi-  
nence half hid among a grove of palm trees. As  
I entered the harbor, I could perceive a  
large vessel in the distance, which by the cut  
of her canvass and the squariness of her yards,  
was evidently a man-of-war—as she rose up-  
on a swell, her long dark hull and line of  
ports were distinctly visible. She continued  
during the day standing off and on, keeping a  
watchful eye on the inlet, no doubt taking us  
for a slave. A little before sunset, the cele-  
brated slave merchant, Pedro Blanco, who  
report says, is connected in this business with  
a large, rich, and well known mercantile house  
near the Battery in Broadway, New York,  
came on board, and after introducing himself  
by a little preliminary conversation, he pro-  
ceeded to weigh my anchor, crack on all sail,  
and stand out to sea till morning. Ten  
doubloons "don't grow on every bush," so  
having clinched the bargain, my men hove  
away merrily at the windlass, and just as the  
sun was gliding with its expiring rays over  
swelling sails, we stretched out to sea. There  
was a pretty fresh breeze going and the Hes-  
perus, who is no slouch of a sailor, had a  
press of sail upon her, which caused her to  
skim the waters like an arrow shot from a  
bow. We had been under way but a short  
time, when the cruiser was discovered with  
her top-sails set and muddling sails out, pulling  
after us "with a will." Being about an even  
match, we led her a pretty smart chase, and  
it was not until day-break that we slack-  
ed sail a little and allowed her to near us. Firing  
a shot as a signal for us to heave to, we  
obeyed the summons, and in a few minutes a  
boat dropped alongside, manned by a Lieu-  
tenant and seven or eight men—the officer  
stepped on board, demanded our papers, closely  
inspected them, and made a complete ex-  
amination of the hold. Finding every thing  
straight, after he had sworn a few round oaths  
at us for leading him so long a chase, and curs-  
ing us because we would give him no reasons  
for doing so, he left us. The next morning  
returning to our watering place, who should  
we see but the sloop-of-war coming up to the  
inlet on another tack. At seeing us again, the  
light boat to break in upon the thick shell  
of John Bull, and he hailed us immediately—  
"What sent you back here?" "Forgot our  
water, sir." "That be damned—did you see  
any thing of a slave outside?" "No, but  
if you will send one of your boats inside  
the reef, you will find him there, if he didn't  
slip through your fingers while you were chas-  
ing me. No sooner said than done—the boat  
was sent, but the bird had flown—the water  
was smooth and polished as a mirror—myri-  
ads of fishes of every tint and hue, were sport-  
ing beneath the glossy surface of the little  
lake, as if its bosom had not just borne a hel-  
lish prison-house, filled with sighs and groans  
deep from the bursting hearts of three hun-  
dred of the sons and daughters of this sunny  
golden land, which, but for the cursed de-  
sire for gain so deeply implanted in the human  
heart, might be a Paradise as much to be cov-  
eted as the fabled isles of the Goddess Cal-  
lypsos, of which it was said that the laughing  
rivulets, after rolling their pearly waters over  
beds of amaranths and violets, kept constan-  
tly winding their way back to their source, as  
it unwilling to leave its enchanted borders.

Dr. David Francis Bacon says that a negro  
is a "CREATURE WITH SOME OF THE INFERIOR  
VIRTUES OF A GOOD DOG, AND ALL THE NEAR-  
EST VICES OF A BAD MAN"—if this description  
had been applied to the Political Abolitionists  
of the day, who clamor so loudly in favor of  
the "poor slave"—and all the while dreaming  
of their own bread and butter—it would have  
been a happy one;—I am no abolitionist—at  
least in the common acceptance of the term—

nor do I believe in the vaunted philanthropy  
of the British Government in capturing cargoes  
of this unhappy race, and placing them out  
to an eternal apprenticeship to pay the expenses  
of their African fleet—still less do I believe  
that the situation of the free black of the North  
is to be envied by the easily-worked, well-fed,  
and almost invariably well-treated slave of the  
South—but I do believe that if there is one  
place in hell hotter than another, Almightly  
vengeance will assign that place to the African  
slave-trader.

A LETTER FROM MR. RIVES.  
From the Richmond Whig of yesterday.  
The following letter from the Hon. W.  
C. Rives, as will be seen from its face,  
was written to a personal and political  
friend in Hanover, but another gentleman,  
having learned in a conversation with Mr.  
Rives that he had written such a letter,  
containing a full expression of his views  
on the subject of the Presidential elec-  
tion, has obtained a copy of the letter,  
with permission to have it published, as  
the best means of satisfying all inquiries  
and removing all doubts as to the course  
Mr. Rives will pursue in the approaching  
contest.

Washington, January 1, 1844.  
MY DEAR SIR:—It seems to be now  
definitely settled that the country is to be  
called upon to retract the solemn decision  
pronounced by it in 1840 upon the demer-  
its of Mr. Van Buren's Administration, and  
to restore him to power without a  
solitary atonement for the past or pledge  
of amendment for the future. The indi-  
cations which have been given here, since  
the assembling of Congress, are too signifi-  
cant to be misunderstood. The Con-  
vention at Baltimore will have nothing to  
do but to register and proclaim the edict  
of the caucus in the Capitol.

In this state of things are we, who have  
so often testified in the face of the world  
our deep and earnest convictions of the  
fatal and demoralizing tendencies of Mr.  
Van Buren's whole system of political  
action, to stand aside with folded arms,  
and to shrink into an inglorious, I had  
almost said treasonable neutrality, because  
of some differences of opinion on ques-  
tions of public policy from Mr. Clay,  
which a wise spirit of moderation, and  
the recognized abatement of the public  
will, are daily narrowing in magnitude  
and extent? I humbly think not.

The election of Chief Magistrate of  
the nation is one of those vital processes  
provided by the Constitution of the country  
for the periodical regeneration of our  
system by a fresh infusion into it of the  
elements of popular health and virtue, in  
which no good citizen, unless under cir-  
cumstances of a very peculiar character,  
can properly refuse to take a part, and to  
the extent of his influence and example,  
a decided and efficient part. When the  
vast moral and political influence of the  
office, as well as its direct attributes of  
positive and controlling power, are con-  
sidered, it can never be a matter of indif-  
ference, or even of an equal balance of  
countervailing motives of preference or  
objection, who shall fill it. There is al-  
ways a choice; and though the making of  
that choice may sometimes be embarrass-  
ed by conflicting considerations, arising  
out of a want of entire coincidence of  
opinion with either of the opposing candi-  
dates, it is only the more incumbent on  
us to determine our preference with care  
and deliberation, according to the best  
lights of our understandings; and, when  
once conscientiously formed, fearlessly  
and unhesitatingly to act it out.

In the approaching Presidential con-  
test, then, we ought not and cannot be  
neutral; and if, as every thing now indi-  
cates is to be the case, that contest shall  
be between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay,  
I have as little hesitation in saying that  
there is but one line of action by which  
we can acquit ourselves of the full mea-  
sure of our duty to the country; and that  
is, waiving all minor considerations, to  
give a manly and determined support to  
Mr. Clay in preference to Mr. Van Bu-  
ren. For myself, I can conceive of no  
greater calamity to the nation, or deeper  
discredit to the cause and very name of  
popular government, than the re-election  
of Mr. Van Buren would be, after the  
signal and overwhelming majority by  
which he was so recently deposed from  
power, upon the fullest canvass of his  
measures, policy, and conduct.

The host of vindictive passions which  
follow in the train of restored Govern-  
ments—the crowds of hungry retainers,  
pleading the merit of past services who  
press forward to claim the reward of their  
fidelity, or indemnity for sacrifices and  
losses incurred in the common cause—the  
infatuated and pertinacious attachment to  
ancient abuses—the arbitrary and self-  
willed habits nurtured in the former pos-  
session of power—the commitment to  
favorite but pernicious schemes of policy,  
have all concurred to give a sort of pro-  
verbial currency to the remark of a cele-  
brated English statesman and historian,

that the worst and most dangerous of all  
revolutions is a restoration.\* That all  
these evils would be realized to the wide-  
dest extent, and in their most unmitigated  
virulence, in the restoration of Mr. Van  
Buren, none can doubt who have been at-  
tentive observers of the selfish and vicious  
system of party policy exemplified in the  
creed and conduct of himself and his  
friends, or who have not forgotten that  
memorable motto of party sagacity, so  
boldly emblazoned on the shields of his  
chosen followers, which, in proclaiming  
"to the victors belong the spoils of victo-  
ry," shamelessly pointed to the offices  
and public trusts of the country as the  
rightful plunder of political warfare.

But, to return to the remark I have al-  
ready made. Could any thing inflict a  
deeper wound on the cause of republican  
institutions than such a spectacle of levity  
and instability on the part of the consti-  
tuted body as would be exhibited in the  
restoration of Mr. Van Buren, after the  
overwhelming condemnation of his admi-  
nistration pronounced by the almost  
unanimous electoral voice of the country  
but three short years ago? Would it not  
render popular government itself a "by-  
word and taunt" among the nations? In  
1840 the American people, upon the ful-  
lest and most deliberate hearing of both  
sides of the political controversy—of the  
friends as well as of the opponents of Mr.  
Van Buren—corded their votes against  
him by such a majority as never before  
signaled the retreat of any misdeed from  
power, and was till then utterly unparal-  
leled and even unapproached in the history  
of our Presidential contests. Of the  
twenty-six States composing the Union  
he received the votes of but seven, and all  
of these (except one) among the smallest  
of the Confederacy; of the 294 votes of  
the Electoral Colleges he obtained but  
60; and of the popular suffrages, a ma-  
jority of 145,000, out of the free and en-  
lightened citizens of America who voted  
in the election, gave in their accumulated  
verdict against him. And yet, in the so-  
lema finding of the great inquest of the  
body of the nation—while the echo of the  
general voice which pronounced him to  
not yet died upon the ear—a bold attempt  
is made to induce the people to take back  
their own settled and well considered  
judgment, and, in elevating again to the  
highest office of the Republic the individ-  
ual whom they had so recently and de-  
liberately deposed, pronounce a flagrant  
sentence of stultification and incompetence  
upon themselves. I know not in what  
light other minds may view such a pro-  
ceeding; but to me it seems a contemptu-  
ous sporting with the sovereign consti-  
tency of the country—a sheer mockery  
and insult to the public intelligence.

And by what means is Mr. Van Bu-  
ren to be again presented as the legitimate  
and anointed candidate of the Demo-  
cratic party? Not certainly by the will  
of the great body of the party, who, we  
have every reason to believe, deprecate  
and deplore the madness and folly of the  
act, by the secret and invisible agency of  
self-constituted conclaves and caucuses,  
controlled with absolute sway by a few  
bold and adroit political managers. I run  
no risk in saying that if the individuals  
composing the party throughout the Uni-  
on could be interrogated, upon the *voir  
dire*, to say whom they would prefer as  
the Presidential nominee of the party,  
three-fourths of them at least, and proba-  
bly a far larger proportion, would unhesi-  
tatingly declare their preference of some  
new candidate. And yet, in utter con-  
tempt of the popular sentiment of the  
party, and disdainfully rejecting the only  
equitable as well as practicable mode of  
arriving at the will of the majority thro'  
the medium of a fair, equal, and uniform  
popular representation of the nominating  
Convention, the friends of Mr. Van Buren  
(holding on to that old machinery of party  
discipline and subordination, derived to  
them from the cunning order of the Jes-  
uits through the bloody Jacobinical Clubs  
of Revolutionary France, by which one  
or two active spirits are enabled to  
suppress the will and control the move-  
ments of vast and entire bodies of men)  
imperiously declare that he, and he only,  
shall be the candidate of the party. Is it  
not time that honorable and patriotic men,  
as they respect the dignity of their own  
characters, the privileges of freemen, and  
the sacred principles of Republican Gov-  
ernment, should unite in one generous  
virtuous struggle to overthrow, effectually  
and forever, the tyranny of a system  
which, if now submitted to, must finally  
convert our noble popular institutions into  
the worst of all dominations—that of an  
unscrupulously and sordid party oligar-  
chy.

And what are the wise and benignant  
measures of administrative policy which  
are promised us as the fruits of Mr. Van  
Buren's restoration? A return to the  
glories and blessings of the Sub-Treasury  
system—a renewed war upon the cur-  
rent

cy, commerce, and business of the coun-  
try! Just at the moment when, by the  
mere fact of the withdrawal of the hos-  
tility of the Government, and that *vis med-  
iatric nature* which is inherent in the  
energies of a free, enterprising, and in-  
dustrious people, all the business pursuits  
of the nation are regaining their prosper-  
ity and activity, and the currency and  
exchanges of the country are finding  
their proper and natural level, every thing  
is to be again thrown into confusion, and  
we are to be replunged into a chaos of  
wild and pernicious experiments, simply  
to signalize a remorseless party triumph,  
in the consummation of a measure openly  
at war with every great practical interest  
of the community. And to this would be  
added, by a natural and necessary con-  
nexion, all that long train of congenial  
abuses which so ingloriously illustrated  
the era of Mr. Van Buren's former ad-  
ministration—multiplied schemes for ex-  
tending Executive power and Presiden-  
tial patronage; profuse and profligate ex-  
penditures of public money; the impunity  
and protection of faithless public officers,  
purchased by the merit of their party ser-  
vices; a new brood of defaulters of the  
Hovis and the Harries—a race the entire  
disappearance of which since 1840 is one  
of the proudest proofs of the justice and  
necessity of the change then decreed by  
the voice of the people. But it were vain  
to attempt an enumeration of the teeming  
abuses that must ever attend the funda-  
mental heresy of Mr. Van Buren's politi-  
cal system, which, instead of regarding  
Government as a high and holy trust for  
the good of the country, sees in it nothing  
but a job to be administered for the ben-  
efit of a party, of which the President is  
the head and grand almoner.

Now, I would ask, what is there to be  
apprehended from Mr. Clay's election,  
which ought to have the weight of a fea-  
ther in the scale, when compared with  
the fatal and destructive evils, poisoning  
the vital elements of republican freedom  
and virtue, as well as the essential sources  
of national prosperity and happiness, which  
we have every reason to believe  
would inevitably follow the restoration of  
Mr. Van Buren? We shall, doubtless,  
have paraded before our eyes, in stereo-  
typed horrors, the old and threadbare ap-  
parition of the Tariff, the Bank and Dis-  
tribution. On the subject of the Tariff  
I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Clay's  
creed, developed in his recent letters, is in  
every respect as just, as sound, and unex-  
ceptionable as that of Mr. Van Buren,  
and his practice infinitely better. Mr.  
Clay did not vote for or approve the tar-  
riff of 1828, consigned to an odious ces-  
lebrity, under the name of the Bill of Ab-  
ominations, which Mr. Van Buren and his  
friends carried by their votes. It is  
rather an unfortunate coincidence, con-  
sidering the professions of Mr. Van Bu-  
ren, that all the tariffs which have been  
most complained of in the South owe  
their existence upon the statute book to  
the votes of himself or his friends.

It is no want of charity, then, but the  
result of the most candid and deliberate  
consideration, when I express the decid-  
ed opinion that Mr. Clay is far more to  
be relied upon for a practical adjustment  
of this delicate and complex subject, on  
terms just and satisfactory to all sections  
of the Union, (harmonizing their various  
interests by the golden rule of moderation,  
which is the only pledge of permanence  
and stability in any arrangement that may  
be made,) than Mr. Van Buren. The  
wise and temperate spirit so strikingly  
exhibited in his letters which have been  
recently given to the public, sustained by  
his well-known influence with his friends,  
and his own high and unquestioned char-  
acter for frankness and decision, is a  
guaranty which no portion of the nation  
will slightly regard.

With respect to the Bank, if the coun-  
try shall be reduced to a choice between  
the odious and grinding Sub-Treasury  
Scheme and a National Institution of Fi-  
nance, properly guarded against abuse by  
a vigilant public supervision and control,  
I do not believe that the sober judgment  
of the people, under the pressure of such  
an alternative, would find any cause of  
quarrel against those who, free from con-  
stitutional difficulties on the subject, should  
go for the latter, in preference to the for-  
mer. And as to the Distribution of the pro-  
ceeds of the Public Lands, that stands ne-  
cessarily and evidently adjourned, as a  
practical question, until the revenues of  
the nation, compared with its expendi-  
tures and managements, shall be in a very  
different situation from that in which they  
now are, or are likely to be for years to  
come. My own individual opinions on  
these subjects have been so often and fully  
stated, that I need not repeat them here.  
What I mean to say at present is, that  
these are issues either hypothetical & specu-  
lative, or neutralized by equal and op-  
posing considerations on the other side,  
and should not divert the mind for a mo-  
ment from those higher, and more urgent

\*Mr. Fox, in his History of James II.